

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

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## Business Directory.

Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inserted under this head, at \$1 per annum. Persons advertising in the "Democrat" by the year, will be entitled to a Card in the Business Directory, without additional charge.

## Marshall County Democrat

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We have on hand an extensive assortment of **JOB TYPE,** And are prepared to execute

### JOB AND FANCY PRINTING!

Of every description and quality, such as CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, LABELS, CATALOGUES, FANFLETS, BUSINESS CARDS, BLANK DEEDS & MORTGAGES, And in short, blanks of every variety and description, on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

**PLYMOUTH BANNER,** BY W. J. BURNS, Plymouth, Ind.

**BROWNLEE & SHIRLEY, DEALERS IN** Dry Goods and Groceries, first door east of Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

**BROOK & EVANS, DEALERS IN DRY** Goods and Groceries, corner Michigan and La Porte streets, Plymouth, Ind.

**C. PALMER, DEALER IN DRY GOODS & Groceries,** south corner La Porte and Michigan streets, Plymouth, Ind.

**N. H. OGLESBEE & CO., DEALERS IN** Dry Goods & Groceries, Brick Store Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

**MRS. DUNHAM, MILLINER & MANTUA** Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

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**RENE BENTS, BLACKSMITH,** Plymouth, Ind.

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**EDWARDS' HOTEL, BY W. C. EDWARDS,** Plymouth, Ind.

**A. C. CAPRON, ATTORNEY & COUN-** selor at Law, Plymouth, Ind.

**CHAS. H. REEVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW** & Notary Public, Plymouth, Ind.

**HORACE CORBIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW** Plymouth, Ind.

**SAM. B. CORBALEY, NOTARY PUBLIC,** Plymouth, Ind.

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**J. W. BENNET, PHYSICIAN & SUR-** GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

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**HENRY PIERCE, DEALER IN CLOTH-** ing & Furnishing Goods, Plymouth, Ind.

**AUSTIN FULLER, MANUFACTURER** And dealer in Flour, Plymouth, Ind.

**HENRY M. LOGAN & CO., DEALERS IN** Lumber, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

**JOSEPH POTTER, SADDLE & HARNESS** Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

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## BLANK DEEDS AND MORTGAGES!

We now have a good supply of Blank Deeds and Mortgages, of an approved form—printed in the first style of the art, on fine white folio post, and for sale at one dollar per quire, or five cents single.

## ALSO, BLANK NOTES ON HAND,

and printed to order on short notice. Justices blanks printed to order, and on reasonable terms at this Office.

## FUR! FUR! FUR!

The highest cash price paid for Prime Mink and Coon skins by J. F. VAN VALKENBURGH, At the Post Office.

The highest market price paid in Cash for Deer Mink and Coon skins, and Beef hides at C. Palmer.

## Selected Poetry.

### THE UNION FOREVER.

Perish the hand that would destroy  
The temple of our sires;  
Perish the heart that hopes for joy  
In its consuming fires!  
Let not the monster be forgot  
Who dares to light the flame,  
But cease him with a traitor's lot,  
And with a traitor's name.

Our fainting hopes refuse to die,  
Our tottering bulwarks stand,  
And freedom's banner still floats high  
O'er a united land.  
The stars that gem the azure fold,  
May cease awhile to shine;  
But tremble not the arm that holds  
The flagstaff is Divine!

While the dark raven hodes despair,  
And still our fear renews,  
The noble eagle high in air,  
His onward way pursues.  
He dreads not there the tempest's wrath,  
Though all its thunders roll;  
But soars above the tempest's path,  
Exulting to the goal.

### BURY ME WHERE I WAS BORN.

Oh! bury me, oh! bury me,  
In the vale where I was born,  
Where the babbling brook glides gently by  
As a dream of peace at morn;  
And eglantine and roses sweet,  
On their banks green bowers weave,  
And gay birds sing from rosy morn  
Till the dewy hours of eve.

There, unmoted, fled youth's golden days,  
On light and airy wing,  
As a cloud across a summer sky,  
Or flowers of early spring.  
Bury me, oh! bury me there,  
In that dear old vale, and love,  
By the dearest ties of human love,  
That can thrill the human breast.

'Twas there my holy mother died,  
Ere my heart knew aught of care,  
Or had felt the pain and cold neglect  
That the orphan heart must bear.  
There grandpa watched my childish sports  
With a beaming eye of joy,  
And tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks,  
As he called me his "orphan boy."

Then bury me, oh! bury me  
In that hallowed vale and blest,  
Where all the loved of childhood's years  
Lie low in their dreamless rest.  
Bury me by the dear one's side,  
And let the roses' sweet perfume  
Laden the breezes that shall wave  
The green grass over my tomb.

### COUSIN BEN.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Kate Bennet, impatiently, as she laid aside the book which she had been reading, and in which she had been deeply interested and took the cards which the servant presented.

"Dear me, how provoking! Just as I am in the most exciting part of the story—and that part, disagreeable Emily Archer, too," she added, reading one of the cards; "who else, I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of paste-board, inscribed only with two words "Richard Warren"? It would almost seem so, so instantaneously did her countenance change. The frown that had disfigured her beautiful brow, had disappeared, her eyes sparkled, and without another thought of the book, she hastily assured herself, by a glance at the mirror, that her toilet was unexceptionable, and left the room.

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with all the grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished—Emily Archer surveyed her with one rapid, critical glance; but dress, as well as manner, was faultless.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennet enters a room like a queen," she thought, with a pang of jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl before her.

What casual observer, who had marked the meeting of these young ladies would have dreamed that, under all the outward friendliness, each hated the other with their whole heart?

Yet so it was. Kate and Emily were rival belles, and their claims to admiration were so equally balanced that it required no little exertion on either side to gain the ascendancy and be acknowledged the victor. If Kate, with her classical features, queenly dignity, elegant figure, and exquisite taste, at first sight threw her rival into the shade, Emily's piquant style, animated countenance, and sprightly conversation, were by many preferred to Kate's stately beauty.

It was impossible to decide which was the loveliest; each had their adherents and admirers, but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable that the season would draw to a close without the all-important decision of the question, which had been par excellence, the belle.

Just at this time, Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so unobtainably elegant, handsome and wealthy a gentleman, was an event—all the fashionable world was in a flutter, and the rivals show at once that the important epoch had arrived. She whose claim he advocated, whom he favored with his admiration, would

at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of bleat-ship. Each left nothing undone to win him to her side, though their tactics were entirely different.

Emily brought to bear upon him the batteries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroitly laid the mine of apparent queenly indifference. And yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims of the rivals, a lively conversation had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends, and in the midst of some wittily remarks of Emily on a would be fashionable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly understood:

"You no-brained, impudent jackanapes, I'll teach you to laugh out on the other side of your mouth."

The door was flung open, and in walked a tall, athletic and sunburnt young man, whose really fine form was disguised in an ill-fitting suit of evidently domestic manufacture, and who stood for a moment awkwardly looking around him; then hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, a loud smack upon the cheek.

She withdrew herself quickly and haughtily from his embrace.

"Sir!" she said with freezing dignity.

"Law! don't you know who I be?" exclaimed the new comer, in no wise disconcerted. "Well, now, I do actually believe you've forgotten me. Don't you know your cousin Ben? You see I don't like farming any how you can fix it, so I quit it, and come to the city. Joe Simpson was to our place, and he is doing first rate here. He said it was hard to get a start in the city, but I guess I ain't goin' to slump through where he gets ahead. I'll risk it anyhow."

At the commencement of this speech, Kate had alternately flushed and paled for she was so deeply mortified at Richard Warren and Emily. It restored all her pride.

With all the grace of which she was mistress, she turned to the new comer:

"You must excuse me, Cousin Ben," she said, "that I had forgotten you. A few years make a great many changes, and I can hardly retrace in your countenance a feature that reminds me of the lad who went nutting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me Miss Archer," she added, turning to her, "to present to you my cousin Mr. Adams," and with perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and scrape.

Emily Archer at once mischievously commenced with Mr. Adams, and was proceeding to draw him out most ludicrously when Kate came to the rescue:

"You forgot, Miss Archer," she said, "that my cousin has just arrived in town and has not as yet had any opportunity to see the lions. He will be better prepared to give you his opinion of them in a few days, when I shall have had the pleasure of acting as his cicerone."

Mr. Warren like a well bred gentleman as he was, addressed some remarks to Mr. Adams on subjects with which he was familiar, and shortly after, he with Miss Archer, took leave, Kate could have cried with vexation, as she thought of the ludicrous description of the scene which Emily would delight in giving, but she controlled herself. She was a kind-hearted girl, and could not forget the pleasant visit she had paid to her dear uncle and aunt Adams, or Ben's untiring efforts to make her happy when at his father's house. She resolved to repay him now, and her poor Ben, as she made all sorts of inquiries about the old farm.

No sooner had Richard Warren, with Miss Archer, left the house, than she began with all her powers of sarcasm, as Kate had foreseen, to ridicule the scene they had witnessed. Mr. Warren smiled but seemed absent.

"I had no idea the Bennets had such vulgar relations," continued Emily, well knowing that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection in the woman of his choice.

"Notwithstanding all Kate's elegance, there is a certain something about the family that betrays low blood."

"Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said; and feeling that she had gained one point, Emily walked on in the best possible spirits internally triumphing over the discomfort of her rival.

That evening at the opera, who should be at Kate's side but Cousin Ben, dressed in excellent taste, and evidently much interested in the performance, while Miss Bennet listened with polite attention to his frank and sensible criticism. At parties, too, he was her attendant; and this open acknowledgement of her relation, quite blunted the point of Emily's satire. Mr. Bennet assisted the youth to a situation, and very speedily his rusticity wore off. He had good looks and good sense, and under his cousin's judicious training, he

very soon did her credit, even among the crowd of fine gentlemen who surrounded her.

Emily Archer saw all, and bit her lip in vexation. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and that she hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her constant attendant, and ere long he had openly acknowledged his preference by offering her his heart and hand.

"My dear Kate," he said shortly after their betrothal. "I shall never cease to thank Cousin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming and your reception of him proved that you were something better than a mere fine lady—that you were a true woman, blest with the greatest of all attractions—a heart. Confess, dearest, that you owe him a debt of gratitude, also—that you are as happy as I am."

Kate smiled one of her most bewitching smiles.

"I certainly do not look upon his malapropos arrival as a misfortune at present," she said, "whatever I may do in the future."

Her glance of loving confidence contradicted her last mischievous words, and she listened with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks to the assurance of her lover that no exertion of his should be wanting to keep her from regretting the event which had given him a glimpse of her heart.

Many years had passed: In the sober matron, Mrs. Warren, one would hardly have recognized the flashing belle, Kate Bennet.

Blest with wealth, a cheerful home a fond husband, and lovely children, she had led a happy life, and time had not increased the attachment of the wedded pair. But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband, a ways cheerful, grew moody, restless and unhappy. She tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he made only evasive replies to her inquiries, and she could only guess at his troubles; that they were connected with his business, she imagined, and her surmise were correct.

He entered the room where she was sitting, one day, and exclaimed, flinging his hat on a sofa:

"Kate, we are ruined. In vain I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to attempt it longer. To-day I shall be known as a bankrupt—penniless, and worse than penniless. In trying to double my fortune, I have lost all. You and my children are beggars."

"Why should loss of wealth trouble you dear Richard?" said his wife tenderly, approaching and taking his hand. "This is after all, but a trifling misfortune. While we are spared to each other, blest with health and good children, why should we repine at the mere loss of fortune?"

The husband groaned.

"Ah, to be dishonored, Kate!" he said; "to fear to look men in the face because I am bankrupt—unable to pay my honest debts. Kate, the very idea drives me nearly mad. To avoid this, what have I done? I have passed sleepless nights and anxious days but in vain."

With fond caresses, soothing words his wife strove to soothe him; but alas, he paid little heed to her efforts.

Just then a servant entered saying that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren.

"Tell him I cannot," replied his master; "I will see nobody."

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice, and a gentleman who had closely followed the servant entered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; "you are in trouble, and did not apply to me. That was not right?"

"And of what use would it have been?" returned Warren. "I am weary of borrowing from one friend to repay another day after day. Even that has failed me at last, and I have come home to hide myself from the prying gaze of those who will too soon be talking of my disgrace."

"I had heard rumors of this, Dick, and went to your office to see you, as you were not there I followed you here. Now my dear fellow listen to me; you have two hours before banking hours are over. Here is a blank check; fill it up yourself, and it shall be duly honored. Repay it at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well, and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right again."

Totally overcome, Richard could only grasp his friend's hand, while his eyes filled with unbidden moisture.

"How can we ever thank you enough, dearest, cousin Ben?" cried Kate. "How can we repay you?"

"Tut, tut, Kate, I am only discharging a part of a debt I owe you my dear girl—I owe all I possess—all I am to you. When I first came here, a raw ignorant country boy, you were not ashamed of me; and more than all unvarying kindness, offering me a home and innocent amusements, in your society kept me out of many temptations that beset a lonely, inexperienced lad

such as, without you, I should have been. I thanked you for it then even when I did appreciate the sacrifice it was to a fine lady, to have a pumpkin like myself about her; and when I knew more of the world and understood the rarity of such conduct, I love you the better for it, and felt the more grateful. I had no opportunity before to show it in any substantial form.—But now you see you are under no obligation, I am only getting rid of a little of the heavy load you placed me under long ago. Be off with you, Dick; hereafter, rely on me in all cases like the present. Don't get discouraged too easily—business men, of all others, should have elastic temperaments. Good bye, now," he added, as Warren disappeared, kissing tears from Kate's cheek, and as assured that Ben Adams, the millionaire, has never forgotten, and will try to pay your kindness to your poor awkward cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she murmured.—"How little I dreamed, long ago that twice in my life I should owe my highest happiness to the trifling acts of kindness towards my good cousin Ben!"

From the Chicago Daily Times.

### A Striking Coincidence.

In the Territory of Kansas there is a city called Lawrence. In the State of Massachusetts there is also a city called Lawrence. Indeed, the former was named after the latter, and intended, like the latter, to do honor to the name of a family widely and favorably known as merchants, throughout the Union. The city of Lawrence in Kansas, has lately been made the theater of scenes of violence. A Sheriff and a posse of twenty men have taken possession peaceably of the guns, cannon and ammunition, which had been there gathered for the avowed purpose of resisting the laws of the land, and shooting down the officers and constitutional authorities of the Territory. Over this "outrage," this "horrible atrocity," this "fendish pursuit of freemen," as Reader called it, the Abolition papers of Chicago and of the country are howling with excessive unctious.

We wish to call up to the minds of these men and to spread before the reflecting and intelligent men of the day, a brief chapter in the history of the country, and a chapter not yet two years old.

In the month of July, 1854, a few brief hours after the celebration of the glorious anniversary of Independence, a band of "Ruffians," twelve hundred strong, living in and about the city of Lawrence, in the State of Massachusetts—that soil, which Summer calls his home, and wherein the Abolitionists declare no man can stand except as an equal in the eyes of God and man—in that city of Lawrence, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 6th day of July, 1854, this band of 1,200 "Massachusetts freemen," without one word of provocation assaulted at midnight the humble tenements and cabins, inhabited by free white laborers, and their families, and in two hours leveled forty of those dwellings of the poor. In vain did woman shriek for mercy at the hands of "Massachusetts freemen;" in vain did children implore that aged parents be allowed to clothe themselves in their usual garments—the ears of "Massachusetts freemen" were deaf to all such appeals. In vain did the husband ask that the humble roof which sheltered the person of his wife then in the pangs of child-birth, be not fired until he could procure another place for the agonized wife and anticipated babe. The hearts of "Massachusetts freemen" inhabiting the "City of Lawrence" refused the prayer, and thrusting wife and husband out upon the barren fields, where with no other canopy than afforded by the stars, a child was born on the soil of the humanity-loving Massachusetts! These things occurred in Lawrence, in the State of Massachusetts; and who ever read an article in the Abolition papers of the country calling on men and money to defend the homes of those free white laborers, outraged and torn down in the city of Lawrence, in the free State of Massachusetts?

One of the victims of that night of atrocity in Lawrence, Massachusetts, was sadly injured by a blow from a stone cast by one of the ruffians; both he and his ruffian assailant came to Chicago—the latter stalks the streets, bawling for freedom in Kansas, while the former reposes in the cemetery, hastened to an untimely grave by the ruffianism of the "freemen of Massachusetts," committed in the city of Lawrence!

The free white laborers of that city of Lawrence, resolved to submit to no repetition of the outrage of the "freemen of Lawrence." One of them, now a citizen of Chicago, repaired to Boston, and there purchased for the use of himself and his companions, and to defend themselves and their wives and children from violence, a sufficient number of guns, pistols, and powder and ball. These were packed in boxes and conveyed to Lawrence. Upon their arrival there, a select number of the ruffians layd the wagon, and attempted to carry off the boxes containing the weapons of defence—the driver succeeded in reaching the house of the owner, and there for hours a contest was waged in the streets of the city of Lawrence in the free State of Massachusetts whether free white men were entitled to the constitutional privilege of keeping arms. The arms were soon put into the hands for which they were designed, and then by armed forces these men drove back the ruffians, and vindicated their own constitutional secured liberty."

The Mayor and the authorities of that city of Lawrence, seconded the demand of the Massachusetts ruffians that these guns should be delivered up. Who has ever heard that this reckless, brutal outrage, committed by the "freemen of Massachusetts" in the free city of Lawrence, called forth one word of condemnation

from any of those presses which are now filled with such indignant invectives against Sheriff Jones and his posse, who have taken possession of the other city of Lawrence in the Territory of Kansas! The owner of these muskets, purchased as we have said, to defend the very hearthstones of free white men in Lawrence, Massachusetts, was that night assailed in the street and stabbed with a bowie knife in the side. He drew his pistol and fired at his assailant, wounding him in the arm. For this he was seized and thrown into prison, the Judge who so ordered it saying that to release him, would be to insure both his own and the prisoner's murder by the armed bullies, hunting to death the man who had purchased firearms to defend the house in which resided his wife and children. The Court itself, satisfied that the accused (now a citizen of Chicago) had committed no offense, declared that to release him would be to decree the murder of both Court and prisoner. And this was in Lawrence, not Lawrence in Massachusetts! Who can remember that the Abolitionists of Chicago ever held a public meeting to sympathize with, or contributed a dollar to assist those free white men, who were struggling upon soil long since consecrated to freedom, for the humble right of living in their own houses, exempt from midnight outrage and brutal violence! Oh, no! Goodrich and Arnold and Blackwell and Vaughan had no tears to shed over the outrages in Lawrence, Massachusetts, because that was a case where the intolerant spirit of Massachusetts bigotry was outraging the rights of free white men. No regiments were raised to march to Lawrence, Massachusetts, but the unfortunate victims were compelled to defend as best they could the commonest rights of humanity.

We are compelled to defer the review of the rest of this case, till to-morrow.

We publish, with pleasure, the following article from the Philadelphia Ledger, a neutral paper. The subject is becoming of momentous importance:

"THE KANSAS TROUBLE.—We have dispatches in this morning's Ledger from Kansas, bringing rumors of a battle at Lawrence, and the burning of the town, together with the hotel, at Kansas city. We know not, when we are getting Kansas news, whether we are getting real facts, or only the exaggerated distortions of crazy partisans. It is a little singular that this news, which was telegraphed to the city on Saturday morning, should not be better confirmed by Sunday night. The dispatch received last night, at ten o'clock, which numbered the fourth from Kansas, has not a word concerning this reported battle, and destruction of the town of Lawrence. Such an event, if it had occurred, we should suppose, would fly through the country as quick as lightning could carry it.

The last dispatch represents that the Committee of Safety of Lawrence had determined to offer no resistance to the U. S. Marshal in the exertion of his writ.

By such an occurrence as reported, if it is not yet improbable. The state of public feeling in that territory, the result of the preachings and the teachings of the fanatics, North and South, tend to that result. Civil war once begun in Kansas, and where would it stop, and when would it end? It would not stop until it had involved all the other states of the Union, nor would it end while either party had strength to continue the contest. It would not be a mere separation into northern and southern confederacy, where each would flourish under institutions of its own liking and choice, but war, bitter and unrelenting, would be waged as long as the separation existed, until these would be nothing left of this Republic but the miserable ruins of a once glorious nation. Yet this is the melancholy and wretched condition to which many of our newspapers and politicians are endeavoring to drive us.

On various occasions lately, we have noticed articles in certain journals, as well South as north, pretending to prove, by statistics assumed to be reliable, that the Union is comparatively worthless. On the one hand, the New York Tribune has "facts and figures" to prove that the North is financially, morally and religiously a loser by our time honored confederation. On the other Charleston Standard produces "columns of arithmetic" to demonstrate that the South would be more prosperous and happy if it would cut loose from the North and even re-open the slave trade.

It is a sufficient reply to this sort of argument, that if statistics should establish such two opposite conclusions, they must be misunderstood, if not entirely garbled. Such, in reality, is the fact. Nothing is more unanswerable than statistics, where they are both comprehensive and correct; but nothing is more valueless, as proof, when these qualities are wanting. It is by quoting only such figures as tell in their favor and by forgetting that at best not one-third of the actual statistics have ever been reduced to figures, that ultra North and South, fancy they demonstrate that the two sections of the Union could be better off alone, or rather better off if engaged in an interminable war, as would be the inevitable consequence of a separation.

For the value of the Union, after all, cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. Its advantages ramify so intricately into the economical, social and political life of the people of the several States, that no calculation of the pecuniary, worth is, or even will be, possible. There is not a bit of property in the Middle States, for example, not a farm anywhere in the Great West; not a manufactory in New England; not a mercantile firm in the length or breadth of the land; not a plantation in all the South; not a steamboat, railroad or telegraph; not a canal or chartered company, which would not be depreciated, permanently, by a dissolution of the Union, and not a trade or occupation of labor which would not suffer incalculably thereby. To enumerate even those things in which the injury would be the most apparent, would require entire columns. We must content ourselves with

putting a single illustration. Where would be the prosperity of Pennsylvania in the event of a dissolution? A border State, certain to become the battle ground of the two exasperated communities, its fields would be ravaged, its trade ruined, its population drained, its people everywhere impoverished. Ten years of disunion would undo for Pennsylvania all that seventy years of union had achieved.

The blessings of peace are proverbial.—The United States have outstripped Europe so enormously in prosperity, not only because this was a new country, but because the Union secures a lasting peace between the several commonwealths, and with it the advantages that flow from peace. Here we have no war taxes; no frightful public debt, the result of preceding wars; no passport system to check travel; no custom-house at the frontier of each State; and no international jealousies and misunderstandings preventing the business men of different nations from entering into those close relations which they otherwise would, to the mutual advantage of all. In fact, so common have the blessings of peace become; as between the different States, that few men realize what disasters would flow from an opposite condition of affairs. We do not exaggerate, however, when we say that a dissolution would lead to a repetition, on this continent, of the incessant wars which have devastated the great Christian commonwealth of Europe for centuries back, retarding incalculably its civilization, and rendering the religion it professes a hissing scorn among the nations. Satan, it is said, assumes the garb of an angel of light, when he would delude and mislead. It is a trick of the day for men, who seek to advance their own ends even at the cost of the Union, to pretend that the love of liberty is their ruling motive. Yet the preservation of the Union is the only security freedom has, here or abroad.

STUDYING LATIN.—The New Era relates a story of a young farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy:

The farmer, not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day thus addressed him:

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork and there is a heap of manure and cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.</